The house I shared with my Mom on West Silverhill Ln, Fresno, CA was a duplex. One with a design layout that had the master bedrooms (as well as other living areas), sharing a common wall between the master suites. Please understand. While the allegations I am about to make can be attributed to some sort of mental illness… I know damn well that's not the case. I went through the State Hospital system, researched these topics thoroughly. After all the interviewing and vetting by Psychiatrists, Psychologists, Case Managers and everyone else over the course of those 10 years, it could be argued that I am one of the more sane individuals of our time. I gained information and insight to produce an assessment of the experience of one having auditory and visual stimuli that is uninfluenced in any way. One that exposes neural monitoring for what it really is: Illegal, unethical, sociopathic behavior by a consortium of people intent on subjugating certain demographics of the population. That might include the NSA, CIA, FBI… anyone who might have access to this technology.

Listen up. ***I had my sanity restored on December 1st, 2022. I, then titrated off my medication after consultation with House Psychiatric full 5 months prior to what can be best described as "harassing and interrogative voices"*** began *conversing* with me. Something that I had experienced previously 10 years before. And a reality I've dealt with… ***unwillingly and without my consent… verbal, written, informed or otherwise since around June 13th, 2023.***

But there's more.

In 2009, again in 2012, and most prolifically between December 10th, 2013 and February 23rd, 2015, I was subjected to what is known as "Targeted Dream Incubation". An application of neural monitoring, that when combined with some sort of computer interface with a database derived from the thoughts and memories I've compiled over the course of my life allowed the seeding of dream topics, their development, and in some cases direct attempts at steering them towards a particular end or conclusions that they would not have normally gone. Ones that supported a program of conditioning sought by those at the lead of this kind of unregulated and invasive procedure.

By 2012, I was aware of the tampering with my sleep. I could recognize when my dreams weren't "as they should be". And in 2013, when I began the 15 months of recording what transpired at night (and sometimes in the morning or afternoon during naps as well) in my mind's eye during the semi lucid states where we know we are dreaming…

I was fully prepared to capture this assault on my mental, emotional, and spiritual wellbeing on paper. I took notes after the dream events occurred,

and with them recalled the dreams later in explicit detail upon fully waking at the end of my rest. I compiled a chronicle of ***what I saw***, totalling over 360 pages. I'd also like to note, that it's quite possible the program or sequence of topics "ran on me" was done so multiple times. Maybe even resorting to different themes upon learning of my good character or innocence. Or after discovering "mistakes had been made".

At this point, however, I would like to make one point perfectly clear. With rare exceptions, these dreams were not created naturally from my subconscious.
They simply weren't mine. And were, for the most part, not anything I could relate to. At times, they did feature people I knew, but it was a little too convenient, if you ask me. It just seemed so strange the way a few friends and family appeared in the dreams… so abruptly and "out of place". As if they were scripted, there presence by design. Only there to emphasize a message, that in the end, I just never related to. Or present only to generate an emotional or empathic response from me.